But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*, west in *Wales.*
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient,
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday.
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false fayth of him I trusted most:
This is All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

To turne their points on their m
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen v
When he quoth she, shall split
Remember *Margret* was a proph
Come sirs, conuey me to the b
Wrong hath but wrong, and bla

Enter Richmond *with Dr*

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and n
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake o
Thus farre into the bowels of th
Haue we marcht on without imp
And heere receiue we from our
Lines of faire comfort, and enco
The wretched, bloody, and v
That spoil'd your sommer-field, a
Swils your warme blood like w
In your imboweld bosome, this f
Lies now euen in the center of th
Neere to the Towne of *Leicester*
From *Tamworth* thither, is but on
In Gods name cheare on, couragi
To reape the haruest of perpetu
By this one bloody tryall of sha
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience
To fight against that bloody ho
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his frien
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but w
Which in his greatest need will
Rich. All for our aduantage, the
True hope is swift, and flies with
Kings it makes Gods, and meane

Enter King Richard, *Nor.* Ratc

King. Here pitch our tents, eue
Why how now *Catesby*, why lo
Cat. My heart is ten times light
King. *Norfolke* come hither:
Norfolke we must haue knockes
Nor. We must both giue and t
King. Vp with my tent, here w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37